

# In These Heavenly Flames I Have Already Scorched In

## by NeroAnne

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Barbara "Barb" Holland, Billy Hargrove, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, The Pack - Character, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, brief Jonathan Byers/Billy Hargrove

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**Summary:**

Steve Harrington is new to Hawkins, Indiana and Hawkins High school. He meets and quickly becomes interested in the gorgeous Jonathan Byers, who is known around the school for being "an easy lay" due to his ex-boyfriend's mouth. Steve, a painfully shy virgin, wants to learn about sex...and he asks Jonathan Byers for his help.

That's it. That's the summary.

Also, Steve has glasses and Jonathan has a tongue piercing because I need it.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

**HEY, LOOK HERE.**

So, [THIS](#) is Steve with his glasses but picture hair a bit longer and [THIS](#) is him with the lenses for when he plays sports

[THIS](#), [THIS](#), and [This](#) is my Jonathan.

In which Steve is an adorably inexperienced dorky virgin and Jonathan is a fucking sex-bomb with really gentle and warm and soft hands.

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“What do you think so far?”

Steve smiled over at the pretty girl. Nancy Wheeler had been tasked with showing him around the school and he couldn't say it had been a bad day so far. She was very friendly, answering all of his questions patiently and with as much information as she could give.

In lunch period now, she had introduced him to her best friend, Barbara “call me Barb” Holland, who was just as nice as Nancy. Actually, everyone he had come into contact with in the school was rather pleasant. The teachers immediately warmed up to him, his impressive grades despite constant moves across the state leaving them hopeful that he would be a great student, and the other students introducing themselves as the day went on.

“It's nice,” Steve answered, adjusting his glasses and glancing around the cafeteria. “I've never been to a public high school,” it was his mother's idea to not enroll him in a private school this time. To get him to socialize and be a regular teenager.

And Steve was glad. He was so tired of the automated system in private school. The strict teachers with rulers they used as weapons, the cold and blank faces on the students, and the mundane routine of

only being able to go home on weekends. It was...boring. And sad. The only fun he ever had was when he played sports but even then, he had to hold back a lot of his talent due to not having any real competition.

It was structure.

Hawkins High would help him break away from the set routine and help him to become a regular teenager.

*"But he's not a regular teenager," his father had said, frowning, "He was born better."*

*"He needs to live his life," his mother objected, "Not have you choose a life for him."*

"You picked a pretty bad place to start," Barb told him, picking the olives out of her sub, "Hawkins is a boring place with boring people."

"Not true," Nancy protested, "it's a little town, quiet, but there are some interesting aspects."

"Like what?" Steve inquired, curious. From what he had seen, Hawkins was exactly as Barbara had described. A boring place with boring-

"Hello, ladies."

He appeared out of nowhere, but he provoked attention easily.

Christ, he was beautiful.

The boy had dark blonde hair, with a messy fringe that teased over his eyes, which were a dark brown color so rich they reminded Steve of the coffee his parents drank every morning. He had lovely cheekbones, with deep dimples and a gorgeous pair of lips that he used as he smiled down at Nancy. He was wearing a sleek black turtleneck, the material hugging his lithe form in every perfect way. His jeans were also made of tight denim, the fabric clinging to his legs and hips *so fucking nicely*.

"Hi, Jonathan!" Nancy beamed and immediately stood. She threw her

arms around his neck and he planted a gentle kiss at her forehead, his sleeved arms coming around her petite waist as he murmured his greeting into her hair.

“Hey, Jonathan,” Barb smiled and she tilted her head up as he leaned down to kiss her cheek. She gestured to Steve, who remembered to blink and shut his gaping mouth, as *Jonathan’s* eyes met his own. “This is our new student, Steve Harrington.”

Jonathan kept one arm loosely around Nancy’s waist and he smiled slowly down at Steve, who could feel his heart hammering against his chest, “Hello, Steve Harrington,” he said, voice so soft and low.

Something glinted on his tongue and Steve blinked hard, his mind processing the information. A *tongue ring*. The beautiful boy had a tongue piercing.

“I-um,” Steve shook his head a bit, the action causing his glasses to slip down his nose. He stood, shyly offering a hand to Jonathan, “Hello, Jonathan. A pleasure to meet you.” He saw the way Jonathan’s lips quirked and he smiled nervously as the smaller man removed his arm from around Nancy and reached out, their palms sliding against one another.

Jonathan had warm, soft hands.

His long fingers closed over Steve’s, squeezing briefly, and Steve inhaled deeply at the way Jonathan’s eyes trailed over his face. He flinched when the fingers on Jonathan’s other hand came up, gently pushing his glasses up in their correct position.

Steve felt his toes curl in his sneakers.

“Nice to meet you,” Jonathan returned, his fingers falling away from Steve’s face. He let the hand joint with Steve’s fall also and he stared unflinchingly into Steve’s reddening face, “I like your glasses, they suit you.”

It was the first time he’d ever heard that and Steve gaped, not knowing at all what to say. His mind screamed at him to thank the blonde for the compliment but before he could force his mouth to

work, he watched as another blonde, with eyes the color of bright blue marbles and a curled lip, came up and threw an arm around Jonathan's torso.

There was a group of other students behind him, Steve noticed. A girl with strawberry blonde hair and blue eyes, popping gum as she stared at them with disinterest, a boy that stood beside her with brown colored hair cut short and styled upwards, and redhead girl with hazel eyes and a sneer that made Steve feel uncomfortable.

Jonathan turned his gaze to glance at this new boy and then ignored him with a negligent blink, that gorgeous mouth turning down into a frown as he stared pointedly away from the newcomer.

"Come on, seriously?" the boy murmured, his voice low. He grabbed Jonathan's jaw, the rings he wore on his fingers glinting in the cafeteria lights, and turned that beautiful face back in his direction, "I've apologized."

"I don't care," Jonathan answered, voice tight. He pressed his palm against the blue-eyed male's white shirt, pushing him away. He looked to Nancy and Barb, smiling gently again, "I'll talk to you two later," he brought his gaze back to Steve's and the older boy finally found enough control of his facial muscles to smile back, "I hope you like it here, Steve," Jonathan said, his quiet voice resonating in Steve's head.

"Thank you," Steve whispered, awed as he watched Jonathan smile at him before the blonde turned, pushing his way through the group of students and walking towards the cafeteria doors. Once he was out of sight, Steve turned his head and stiffened as the boy with blue eyes stared him down.

"Who the hell are you?"

Steve frowned, not liking the boy's tone. He chose not to answer and instead sat back down besides Nancy, feeling the girl's hand gently reach out to pat his knee. He watched the way Billy's nostrils flared.

"Go away, Billy," Barb muttered, her arms crossing as she turned back in her seat, "You're not wanted here."

"You're not wanted at all, oinker," the girl with the ugly sneer said cruelly and Nancy shot her a fierce glare.

"It's you who isn't wanted, Nicole," Nancy said, "or did you forget how many times Billy has told you that he's not interested?"

The redhead's eyes went dark and she snarled, "How dare you-"

"Enough," the blue-eyed boy, Billy, grunted. He shot Steve another dark look and turned around, walking off and fully expecting his little posse to join him, which they did, and Steve exhaled hard, leaning his elbows on the table.

"That was Billy Hargrove," Barb told him, her eyes rolling as she brought a piece of tomato up to her lips, "His little followers, Carol George, Tommy H. and notorious Nicole Regal." She snorted, "Billy is the self-proclaimed King of Hawkins High and Jonathan Byer's ex..." she looked to Nancy, eyebrows drawn as if unsure, "ex-boyfriend?"

"Has to be," Nancy agreed, "After what Jonathan said he did, I doubt that Billy can charm himself back at his side."

"What did he do?" Steve asked curiously. The two girls shared an uneasy look and Steve held up his hands, "You don't have to-"

"Let me start off first by saying that you're going to hear a lot about Jonathan Byers," Nancy started quietly and Steve ducked his head to listen to her, "mostly from boys in the locker room. A majority of it isn't true and I'm telling you this as someone who has known him since we were ten years old."

"Okay," Steve whispered back, eyes wide.

"Jonathan and Billy...they've been together for about two years now," Nancy shook her head, "In that time, I've seen Jonathan come to school with black eyes, a busted lip, and even his right arm in a sling."

Steve stared, stunned into silence.

"But he's always forgiven Billy," Barb jumped in, "Without question. No one knows why but the boys in the locker room like to say really

mean things...like how Jonathan is used to getting slapped around and that he *enjoys* it.”

“It’s ludicrous,” Nancy said angrily, “but he never leaves Billy. Not completely. But after what happened last weekend,” she frowned, “I doubt he’s going back to that rotten low-life.”

Steve, still confused, looked to Barbara.

“There was a party, everyone was drinking and Billy tried to use him,” Barb murmured, “as some sort of prize for a drinking contest. Hargrove never loses a drinking game but the stakes were high after he offered that if anyone could beat him, the winner could have a night with Jonathan.”

“What?” Steve hissed, disgusted, “he used his own boyfriend as-” he bit his tongue, not even wanting to finish the sentence.

“Jonathan didn’t know about it, he doesn’t drink and he’s usually just the designated driver. Billy still won,” Barb said, her eyes on her lunch tray, “but another guy got really close and figured that he should at least get to touch Jonathan.” She shook her head; face tight, “The guy got Jonathan alone in a bathroom.”

Steve felt his stomach churn.

“Jonathan told me that he was really close to...” Nancy didn’t continue, her eyes lowering to her hands, folded on top of the table. Steve could see them shaking.

Barb continued, “Anyway, Billy beat the shit out of the guy for trying but Jonathan hasn’t forgiven him. He isn’t likely to either, especially since a lot of people are saying that Jonathan is a cockwhore that asks for it anyway.”

“How is he doing that?” Steve asked, eyes wide, “I don’t understand. He seems very nice.”

“People are just really crude,” Nancy murmured, “Billy, the asshole, is always talking about what Jonathan is like in bed. How he sounds, how he feels, other things like that. He’s just a disgusting person.”

“Jonathan is a great guy,” Barb murmured, her cheeks tinging red, “but he’s never denied anything Billy has said so people believe it.”

Steve nodded slowly and spent the rest of the lunch period listening to Nancy and Barb talk about classes but he really couldn’t stop thinking about Jonathan Byers.

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It was in his last class period of the day that Steve remembered that he hadn’t used the bathroom the whole time he’d been in the school and, of course, his bladder decided to let him know about his mistake in the form of suddenly having to piss.

“Yes, Mr. Harrington?” the English teacher asked, staring over at him from her desk.

Steve smiled slightly, lowering his hand as she addressed him, “May I use the restroom?” he asked quietly, not needing to speak up due to the hush of the other students working on their papers. He watched as she nodded and he stood, murmuring his thanks and she handed him a hall pass before he slipped out of the room.

He wandered down the hall, trying to remember where Nancy had pointed out the bathroom, when he turned a corner and nearly gasped. He ducked behind the same corner, his eyes wide as he stared ahead of him. After a few seconds of realizing he hadn’t been seen, he slowly poked his head around.

Billy had Jonathan pressed against the lockers. He was talking to him quietly; one of his hands had lifted the hem of Jonathan’s turtleneck and settled firmly on Jonathan’s hip where his thumb was playing with the exposed skin in slow circles.

Jonathan’s face was blank as he stared up into those blue eyes, his lips pressed together in a thin line and his arms crossed against his chest as he leaned back against the row of lockers. He clearly didn’t want to be in the position and he shook his head in frustration as Billy continued to talk before he opened his own mouth.

Steve struggled to listen, eyes narrowing.



“-fucking using me as collateral in your bullshit games,” Jonathan whispered harshly, his beautiful face pinched in anger, “who the fuck do you think you are? You don’t get to do that to me, I’m not your whore.”

“I said I was sorry,” Billy bit back, voice low and fed up, “It was supposed to be a fucking joke, and it’s not my fault that you let Maxwell catch you by yourself and shove you into the bathroom.”

“Are you serious?!”

Jonathan’s voice rose in pitch and Steve’s eyes widened, his fingers curling around wall-edge as the smaller blonde shoved Billy away hard. He watched the way Billy brushed the curls that had fallen into his face away, eyes stormy.

“It’s not *my* fault either, Billy! I’m not the one who-”

Steve barely contained his gasp as Billy moved, his hand wrapping around Jonathan’s pale throat. The smaller blonde choked, his hands immediately coming up to wrap around Billy’s wrist. Billy pulled Jonathan a few inches away from the lockers and then slammed him against the metal hard, Jonathan’s arms flailing helplessly against the bigger boy’s strength. He closed his eyes tightly as Billy leaned down.

Steve couldn’t hear what it was that Billy said, but he saw the way Jonathan’s eyes popped open, lit with fire, and he watched as Jonathan brought his knee up hard, catching Billy right in the balls. Billy cried out in pain, falling onto his knees and grabbing onto his dick and Jonathan slumped down, coughing hard as he stroked his abused throat.

“Little bitch,” Billy snarled after he’d recovered, wrapping his hand tight around Jonathan’s ankle. He pulled hard, dragging Jonathan across the floor and setting himself heavily over the younger boy. The pulling action caused the bottom of black turtleneck to rise, exposing beautiful pale skin but Steve forced his eyes away, instead focusing on Jonathan’s terrified expression as Billy loomed over him.

“Don’t,” Jonathan grunted, moving his hands up to grip Billy’s shoulders, “Get off of me!” he winced as Billy grabbed his chin hard,

the ring encased fingers sinking into those sweet dimples and forcing Jonathan's lips to pout.

Steve grit his teeth, feeling his chest tighten in anger. He wasn't a fighter, he'd never thrown a punch in his life, but he wasn't about to let his happen.

He turned the corner, his footsteps causing Billy to look his way.

"Mind your business, new kid," Billy muttered, voice dangerous.

Jonathan looked over at him, breathing labored, "Steve," he murmured, "I'll be fine, go on." And his eyes were resigned...so hopeless.

No.

Steve moved, walking right up to Billy and grabbing his shoulders, pulling him away hard. He shoved at him, watching the way Billy's blue eyes began to spark with agitation. God, what the hell was he doing?

Billy could murder him but Steve found himself not caring at all, having eyes only for Jonathan who was still sprawled out on the floor.

"Are you serious?" Billy asked, bemused, as Steve turned and offered a hand to Jonathan.

"Come on," Steve said gently, smiling as Jonathan hesitantly took the offered hand. He helped the smaller boy stand and he licked his lips, blushing, "Your uh..." he pointed at the ruffled turtleneck, "your shirt."

Jonathan blinked at him and slowly looked down at his exposed stomach. He fixed the hem of the shirt, staring up at him through his fringe and Steve swallowed hard, staring back down at him. How was this boy so beaut-

He felt a hand fall hard on his shoulder and he gasped as he was turned around roughly. He stared down into angry blue eyes and he frowned, not letting himself be intimidated. Sure, he was probably

about to get his ass kicked but at least Jonathan would be alright.

“Billy, no,” Jonathan said, stepping in front of Steve. His back pressed so tightly to Steve’s chest that the taller boy could smell the blonde’s silky hair. It had a very soft, almost sweet scent.

“So nice,” Steve whispered and he flushed deeply as Jonathan turned to glance back at him, extremely confused. “Y-your hair smells nice,” he offered weakly and the way Jonathan’s lips curved into a slow smile caused his heart to flutter and he turned eyes back to Billy when the curly blonde scoffed.

“You’ve gotta to be fucking joking,” Billy said dryly and he clenched his fists, “You’ve got no idea what you’ve just stepped into, nerd.” He moved to get around Jonathan and grunted in frustration when Jonathan stayed put. “Move, Jonathan.”

“Get out of here, Billy,” Jonathan said tiredly, “I’ve said what I had to say to you. We’re done.” His voice lowered, and Steve could see his shoulders droop, “and this time I fucking mean it. If you try and come through my window tonight, I’m bashing your head in with my lamp.”

Billy frowned, his eyes staring daggers down at Jonathan. He eased closer, his lips pulled back in a sneer, “Fine, fine. Good luck keeping the boys from the locker room off your ass,” he shot a look at Steve, smirking, “Watch yourself, geek. Byers won’t be around all the time.”

He stared down at Jonathan intensely once more and walked off, his footsteps echoing loudly around the empty hallway.

Steve watched as Jonathan turned to face him.

“Thank you,” Jonathan whispered sincerely, but his eyes were grave as he looked up at him, “but you shouldn’t have gotten involved. Billy has a terrible temper and,” he smiled wanly, “he could really hurt you.”

“I’ll be okay,” Steve shrugged, rubbing the back of his neck, “back when I was in boarding school I got hazed my entire first semester so I think I can handle what Billy dishes out.”

Jonathan didn't look convinced but he offered a short nod. They stood there, staring at one another. Steve's eyes traced over that gorgeous face and he offered a smile, "Do you want me to walk you to class?"

Jonathan blinked up at him, confused. "Class?" he repeated, voice quiet.

"We've still got about forty-five minutes left," Steve explained, looking down to his watch to confirm. His stupid glasses slipped down his nose and he looked back to Jonathan. "What class are you in right now, I can-"

Jonathan reached up, gently pushing the glasses back to their correct position.

Steve almost choked. He turned red, breathing hard as he stared down at Jonathan.

"I think I'm just going to duck out early," Jonathan murmured, lips curling up into a slow smile. "It's an elective and I don't do much while I'm there so I don't really care about it."

"O-oh, what class is it?" Steve asked, cringing at his volume. Fuck, why did it sound like he was screaming?

"Theater," Jonathan replied, "We're reading scripts for a play but I'm just going to be taking pictures so it doesn't matter much if I miss it."

"Okay," Steve whispered, watching Jonathan turn to leave.

"Thank you again, Steve Harrington," Jonathan said loftily as he turned on his heel.

Oh, damn.

"Wait, Jonathan-" Steve watched with baited breath as that beautiful face turned back to look up at him quizzically. "Er...I..."

Jonathan waited, staring at him in amusement.

"W-would you like to study together sometime?" Steve finally forced

out and then immediately wished he could take it back. There was no possible way that this insanely gorgeous, effortlessly beautiful, absolutely breath-taking boy would ever want to-

“Sure. That sounds nice.” Jonathan smiled, turning around again and heading down the hallway, “I’ll see you tomorrow, then.”

Oh.

*Oh shit.*

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### **Notes for the Chapter:**

You guys.

I'm in such turmoil. My computer...or the hard drive, whatever, ATE my documents. I had SO many things typed out and I'm so pissed. This is why I PEN everything down in notebooks before typing them out but omg, I had the final two chapters plus an epilogue of I Know Your Soul Is Not Tainted on it and it's literally gone.

I've looked EVERYWHERE and I can't find them. I am going to have to type them out all over again and I'm just too busy and pissed off to do it at this time so I decided to upload this instead.

This story is only five chapters and I have three of them already typed out and my notebook is right beside me so I'm sure I can pump out a chapter of this every week. Or sooner if my job is kind to me. -\_-

Please be patient with me! I will finish my other story, I will. Also, I want to gift this to yastreb just because their work is...phenomenal and I love it. I hope they don't find this odd but I just want them to have it lol.

I hope you like this meanwhile!

## 2. Chapter 2

### Notes for the Chapter:

I'm having so much fun lol.

Their weekly study sessions had been a thing for almost a month now.

Steve helped Jonathan with math, the only subject he was currently having trouble with and in return, Steve could openly stare at the beautiful blonde as they worked together.

It seemed an even trade.

They were currently going over the math homework. Steve had just finished showing Jonathan a way to solve a rather complicated algebra problem when Jonathan sighed, tossing the book off of his lap. He stretched languidly, and Steve glanced up from his own book, admiring the way Jonathan's lithe body moved underneath that blue long-sleeved top.

"I can't anymore," Jonathan murmured, brushing his bangs away from his face. He looked to Steve, whose eyes blinked behind his glasses, "I'm going to slit my damn throat if we continue." His lips quirked and he crossed his arms behind his head, leaning against Steve's wall.

Steve smiled, setting his own book aside. "A break does sound nice. Would you like something to drink?" he stood up from his bed.

"Water is fine," Jonathan replied and Steve nodded, making his way downstairs. He made his way into the kitchen, ignoring the sticky note on the fridge with numbers to contact in case of an emergency while his parents were gone, and grabbed a pitcher of ice water.

Moving towards the cabinet, he grabbed two tall glasses as well and poured the water into both. After putting the pitcher back inside the fridge, Steve made his way back upstairs. He found Jonathan staring at the memory board his mother had made for him.

This was good; he had seen the way Jonathan's eyes would curiously dart around his room during earlier visits, how they would linger on his baseball and swim trophies. He was glad that the younger man finally felt comfortable enough to explore.

"Is this you?" Jonathan demanded as he pointed at the photo of a toddler running around in a diaper with a fireman hat, "How fucking adorable."

Steve reddened, "O-oh, yes. I was two, perhaps three." He walked beside Jonathan, offering him a glass. "My mother made this for me. She likes for me to remember when I was at my happiest."

"Before any teenage angst corrupts you, hm?" Jonathan pressed his lips to the rim of the glass, sipping slowly.

"I guess," Steve shrugged, looking at the collection of pictures.

"Who is this?" Jonathan asked, pointing to a picture of Steve with another little boy and Steve sighed softly, staring at the image of himself and his long-ago friend. "He seems to be in quite a few of the pictures." And it was true. The curly-haired boy was in a good amount of them, young and older, always with shining eyes and an arm around Steve's shoulders.

"His name is Graham. He was my best friend before we moved. I'm pretty sure he was also my first ever crush...or at least I thought he was at one time." *Before I met you.*

"Did he know that you liked him?" Jonathan asked softly and Steve almost drowned taking a sip of his own water.

He coughed hard, pressing a hand to his chest. "W-what?" his eyes were watering and his lungs kind of hurt.

Jonathan looked back at him, eyes knowing. "I used to have that look in my eyes with Billy," he smiled ruefully, "Before, when he was good. I know that look you have in your eyes in those pictures."

Steve faltered, staring down into those deep brown eyes. "I...I think he knew," he murmured, "He broke away from me, began to come around less and less until he suddenly just stopped showing up

altogether.”

“Then you never got to kiss him?”

Steve swallowed hard, staring down at his glass. “I...I have never kissed.” He closed his eyes, “Anyone.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Jonathan said, his eyes lowering, “I...I shouldn’t have asked, it was very rude.”

Steve shook his head, moving back to his bed. He sat down heavily, setting his glass on his nightstand. “No, it’s okay. I shouldn’t have even told you that, I don’t know why I did. You must think I’m pathetic.”

Because he *was* pathetic. He was eighteen years old, and he’d never even been kissed. He’d never gone on a date, never held hands with anyone. Jonathan had...Jonathan had been with Billy for two years.

They must have...

He shook the thought away, and glanced up at Jonathan as the younger man set his own glass down beside Steve’s and then sat on the bed again, his back resting on the wall.

“It’s not pathetic,” Jonathan said softly, “it’s sort of sweet. I’m sure you’ll find a special person one day that you’ll love kissing.” He sighed, “My first kiss was with a girl. She had a cold and her nose was runny and she got me sick for a week.” He chuckled, “I really hated it. I thought it was so gross.”

“When did you first kiss a boy?” Steve asked, tilting his head. “Was it Billy?”

“He wishes,” Jonathan answered, smirking lightly. “No. His name was Owen. We were in the fifth grade and he was dared to kiss me. It meant nothing to him, nothing at all, but I realized I liked boys then.”

“O-oh.” Steve thought it over. “I’ve never kissed a girl or a boy but I’ve never been attracted to girls. D-do you think I’ll know which one I like if I just kiss one?”



“You’ll know,” Jonathan murmured, lips curling into that soft and small smile. “Believe me, you will know.”

But...but how would he know if he’d never even...

“W-will you teach me? I want to...I want to be comfortable with a boy one day. I want to know what I’m doing...to make it good for him. Will you teach me?” Steve asked, unsure and embarrassed. God, what the hell was he doing? Surely Jonathan would never even attempt to help a nerd like him with this sort of thing.

Jonathan stared at him, brows furrowing as he gazed at the older boy thoughtfully. He turned on the bed, sitting up on his knees and looming closer to Steve, who immediately straightened and turned his body closer to the blonde’s.

“Ask me to kiss you,” Jonathan whispered, reaching his hands out. His fingers gently grabbed onto Steve’s glasses, pulling them away from his face slowly and setting them carefully on Steve’s immaculate nightstand beside the two glasses of water.

The soft sound the spectacles made as they were set onto the surface seemed louder than it should be and Steve swallowed hard, tilting his face closer to Jonathan’s. He stared at that gorgeous mouth as he quietly spoke, “Please kiss me.”

Jonathan’s lips parted, his tongue sliding out from between those gorgeous petals. Steve’s breathing hitched as he felt the smooth ball of the piercing slide over the tip of his mouth and he parted his own lips in surprise, feeling that slick little tongue slip into his mouth before soft lips settled over his.

Steve kissed back as best as he could, slowly falling back against his bed. He felt Jonathan follow him down and he nervously brought his arms around the smaller boy’s waist, pulling him close and inhaling hard through his nose as their tongues danced slowly.

He opened his eyes shyly once Jonathan pulled back and he stared up at the softly panting male, breathless.

“That was your first kiss.” Jonathan stated slowly.

Steve nodded, eyes wide. Fuck, it sucked. It had to have sucked for Jonathan to be staring down at him so intensely.

“Huh,” Jonathan murmured, voice soft, ducking his head again and Steve closed his eyes, feeling that soft mouth fuse against his own. He felt those long fingers thread through his hair and he sighed into the kiss, lazily tapping the tip of his tongue against Jonathan’s piercing and almost jumping when he heard the blonde gasp above him.

They broke the kiss again, staring at one another. The sound of his heartbeat seemed so damn loud, he wondered if Jonathan could hear it. He had to, it was literally echoing off the walls. There was another sound, though, another beat.

Steve could feel it from where their chests were pressed tightly together.

Jonathan’s heart was racing also...

“I don’t think I would like kissing girls as much as boys,” Steve said unnecessarily.

Jonathan blinked, stunned. And then he laughed, his eyes closing and his head falling against Steve’s chest. His body shook with his laughter and Steve could feel himself smiling as he stared up at his ceiling.

He had lied a little bit, there.

Yeah, he liked boys and he’d always known he’d never even want to kiss a girl but the deeper truth was still hidden inside of his heart.

He liked kissing Jonathan Byers.

He *liked* Jonathan Byers.

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“I’m glad you’re putting forth the effort again, Mr. Byers. With this third mark, your homework grade has improved significantly.”

Jonathan picked his head up from his workbook, giving his teacher a

confused look. She set the homework down in front of him and he blinked, staring at the high marks. He'd gotten an "A" on the homework he'd worked on with Steve's help.

Steve...

He smiled weakly up at her as she moved away and he looked back down at the homework. It wasn't that he was ever a terrible student. He'd never gotten a grade lower than a "C" but his homework grade had been suffering lately, especially in math.

The last three months had been hell with Billy's damn drinking getting out of control. He never admitted it, but Jonathan knew that it was mostly stress concerning Billy's dad. This was Billy's final year and if he didn't do well and get accepted into a college, his father would-

Jonathan shook his head, frowning.

*No, damn it. Don't go feeling sorry for that piece of shit. That's how he pulls you in.* He glanced down at his right hand, to his ring finger, where the tan line from Billy's ring still glowed.

He'd taken it off that day when he'd broken it off with Billy but he remembered so clearly when he first put it on.

*"Here."*

*Jonathan blinked and looked away from the window as Billy pressed something into his palm. He uncurled his fingers and looked down at the silver band. There was an intricate design of a crisscross etched onto it, worn and thick.*

*"This is your favorite ring," Jonathan said, turning it in his hand, "You're giving it to me? Why?"*

*"You know why," Billy muttered, pointedly staring at the road as he drove them to the quarry. "Now put it the fuck on."*

*It was Billy-speak for, "I want you to have it. Because I care about you."*

*Jonathan smiled softly, slipping the ring onto his finger. It was a little bit*

*loose but it wouldn't slip off, at least. He placed his hand over Billy's, his heart swelling as Billy's thumb stroked over the ring.*

They were so good for a solid six months. Billy, uncouth and sort of frenzied, was good. Until he wasn't...until his father upset him...and then the rage would take over. And he would let it.

Billy hadn't even looked at him for the past month. It was almost like he was doing everything he could to avoid him, which was odd, but not distressing. Briefly, he wondered if Billy was doing okay-

Jonathan scoffed, tearing his eyes away from the pale skin. He grabbed his homework and stuffed it into the satchel as the bell rung and he stood, swinging his bag over his shoulder. He slipped out of the classroom and made his way towards the doors leading out of the school.

"Jonathan!"

He turned, smiling at the sight of the petite brunette. "Hello, Nancy." He wrapped an arm around his waist, kissing her cheek lightly, "How are you?"

"I'm great!" She chirped as they walked out of the school together. "I'm glad I caught you. Mike's birthday is on Saturday, I really want to plan a Dungeons and Dragons themed surprise party for him and I was hoping you could take me home with you so I could talk to your siblings about some ideas?"

"Of course," Jonathan agreed, "Will and Eleven were telling me about his upcoming birthday a few days ago, actually. I'm sure they'd love to help." He led her over to his car, opening the passenger door for her.

He pulled away from the school, lowering the volume on his radio which had been turned all the way up from earlier.

"So," Nancy started as he drove them down the road, "How are things going with Steve? He's a sweetheart, isn't he?"

Jonathan smiled at the thought of the taller boy. He'd enjoyed the

time he had been spending with Steve. He really was very sweet and entirely adorable...and a great kisser.

His cheeks reddened. "Things are going fine. He's been helping me study and my homework grade has gone up."

"That's great," Nancy said, "I spoke to him in the library today, he's going to try out for the baseball team tomorrow."

"Is he really?" Jonathan tilted his head, remembering the various trophies lining Steve's shelves, "He played sports in his old school. I'm pretty sure he was good, considering all the trophies he has."

"Athletic *and* brainy," Nancy hummed, grinning, "A lethal and very becoming combination for a guy who is already so attractive."

Indeed...

Nancy's words echoed around his head as he cooked dinner that night. He'd dropped her off at her home over an hour ago, after she had penned down some ideas from the kids. Will and Eleven had eagerly told her their plans and she collaborated with them for a good twenty minutes.

"We will have a party at his house," Will told him as he sat at the kitchen table doing his homework, "Then we'll all go to arcade for a while and Barb will take Nancy to pick up the cake! I'm going to draw our characters on it with blue and red icing."

"His favorite colors," El piped in.

"Right," Will continued, "He's going to be thrilled!"

Jonathan smiled, adding a pinch of pepper to the mashed potatoes. "I'm sure he will love it, guys. Now, finish up your homework, the food is almost done."

"Are we waiting for mom and dad?" Eleven asked and Jonathan glanced over at the clock above the kitchen door.

"Mom's working late," Jonathan murmured, glancing back down to what he was doing, "And Hopper won't be here until he finishes his

patrol, so that could take another hour. You guys need to eat and finish your homework.” He set down the pepper, “And Chester needs a bath.”

The frilly dog, who had been in the living room, wandered into the kitchen at the sound of his name and he sat at Jonathan’s feet, tail wagging as he stared up at the blonde with hopeful brown eyes.

Jonathan “accidentally” dropped a small piece of steak, smiling as the dog dove for the morsel and then he turned, sliding the plates towards his siblings. “Eat up; it’s your turn to bathe him.”

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It was around ten thirty when Jonathan slipped into his bedroom, running a towel through his hair. Small droplets of water ran down his lean torso and slender waist, soaking into the elastic band of his green pajama bottoms.

He hung his towel up near the hook on his door before walking to his closet. He pulled out a grey long-sleeved shirt and pulled it on, sweeping back his fringe as the strands fell into his eyes. Opening the door to his room, he stepped out and made his way to El and Will’s room.

He slid open the door quietly, peeking in. They were completely asleep, Will’s jaw hanging open as he snored loudly, drool spilling onto his pillow and his green bed-sheets sprawled across his chest. Eleven had her head buried under her lavender colored pillow, but Jonathan could see her little hand thrown over the side of her bed.

Jonathan smiled and closed the door. He made his way to living room and plopped down onto the couch besides Chester, who now smelled like rose-hips. He switched on the television, flipping to a random channel to kill time waiting for his mother and step-father to get home.

His mother had rung after dinner to let him know that Hopper was going to pick her up to take her to grab a bite before driving her back to the store to grab her car so they could head home. It wouldn’t be much longer now.

Around the time *Jaws* was getting to the good content, the phone rung and Chester's ears perked up. Jonathan blinked, standing and rushing to the device. He knew it wouldn't wake Will up, that boy could sleep through a hurricane, but Eleven was a light sleeper just like her older brother.

"Hello?" he murmured as soon as he picked up the receiver, "Byers Residence."

*"U-um, hi there, Jonathan. I hope I didn't wake you."*

"Steve?" Jonathan tilted his head, surprised, "No, not at all. I was just waiting for my parents to get home. How are you?"

*"I'm good. I just...I wanted to ask you something and I'm too scared to ask you in person because I don't want you to freak out on me and at least if I ask through the phone, you can't see how red I am...only I've just told you that I'm red so that sort of defeated-"*

"Steve," Jonathan grinned, forehead lazily resting on the wall besides the phone, "Take a breath, would you?" he bit his lip to smother his giggle at the sound of the older boy inhaling deeply on the other end. How precious could he be, really? "What did you want to ask me?"

*"Jonathan...I,"* Steve sighed on the other end and Jonathan blinked, curious, *"Can you please teach me about...about sex?"*

Jonathan licked his lips, surprised. He opened his mouth to reply but his hesitation must have been a second too long for the older boy.

*"N-never mind! I'm so sorry, that was so creepy! I...I'll just see you tomorrow for our regular session, o-okay? I'm sorry again."*

"Steve-" Jonathan began but grit his teeth when the dial tone was all he heard. He set the phone back, frowning a bit and bringing his thumb up to trace his bottom lip.

He could still feel Steve's gentle kiss...still wanted to feel it.

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"You never let me answer you."

Steve looked up from his English book slowly, blinking owlishly up at Jonathan. The library was nearly empty, just him and another two students before Jonathan had shown up. The blonde was wearing a long-sleeved gold and green flannel, unbuttoned, over a white cotton shirt. His jeans were tight, pressed against his legs so nicely that Steve had a hard time looking back into those gorgeous brown eyes. He smiled weakly, watching as the beautiful boy sat down.

"I was afraid you would reach through the phone and hit me," he said, half-joking and half-serious. His smile fell at the frown on Jonathan's face.

"Why did you ask me?" Jonathan murmured softly, his head lowering. "Is it...is it because you actually want my help? So that you could one day be comfortable enough to be with a boy? Or is it because I'm..." he shook his head, "is it because you've heard that I'm easy?"

*Steve pulled his dirtied shirt over his head, smiling lightly as Jonah Morris and Aaron Samuels patted him on the back.*

*"You don't even need a formal try out, you so made it!" Jonah exclaimed, "You have one hell of a pitch and your swing is ridiculous. I haven't seen Coach Erickson smile like that since Hargrove joined the basketball team."*

*"Thank you," Steve said, beaming. He rubbed the back of his neck, "You guys are a great team, though. My last school didn't have very good players so I had to really try this time." His contacts were beginning to irritate his eyes and he wanted to shower and get them off as soon as possible.*

*"You made us all look like shit," Aaron exclaimed, grinning, "We'll definitely win against West Creek now."*

*Steve smiled but before he could speak, the rest of his gym class piled into the locker room. Tommy H. and Billy Hargrove led the way, and Steve narrowed his eyes at the blonde as those blue eyes stared him down.*

*"Nice job, Harrington," Billy said loftily, "Seems like you do have some sort of athletic ability behind that dorky persona."*



Steve didn't reply and instead grabbed his towel and tossed it over his shoulder. He made his way through the lockers, heading towards the showers.

About fifteen minutes later, he was walking back to his locker, his sweatpants pulled up to his waist. He slung the towel around his neck and glanced over at the bench where Billy and Tommy were talking quite loudly before he reached into locker and grabbed his glasses case.

"So, how much of a step down is Nicole from Byers?" Tommy laughed.

"Shut up," Billy muttered, "She will do for now."

"It's a bummer though, isn't it?" Tommy drawled, "I mean, if his mouth is as good as you say it is then I feel kinda sorry for you."

"Don't. I have a feeling that I'll have him back at some point. Maybe after Harrington is done with him."

Steve almost poked himself in the eye removing his left contact lens.

He looked over his shoulder, seeing the way Billy was staring straight at him.

"He's an easy fuck, Harrington," Billy said, voice lethal and low, "Why don't you take him for a ride?" he smirked sinisterly, "Or rather, he'll ride on you. He's great at it. He'll have you creaming into that rubber glove faster than you can even think."

Tommy snickered, staring at Steve with a wide grin.

There was a weird ringing in his ears. It was loud, it bothered him. It rivaled the roaring in his chest. He tightly closed his contact holder and closed his locker, glaring at them from behind his glasses. "Keep your filth to yourself, Hargrove," he said tightly, "Jonathan is a friend and I won't have you smearing him right in front of me."

Billy chuckled, standing up.

Steve turned, staring down at the blue-eyed male as he came to stop just inches away from him.

*"He's easy," Billy repeated, and his voice was still so annoyingly soft, "but if you want to know the quickest way to get him to spread his pretty thighs..." his eyes darkened and Steve grit his teeth, "Tell the little bitch that you love him."*

"I...I haven't heard that anywhere," Steve lied, fighting down the urge reach out and stroke Jonathan's cheek. "Jonathan," he pulled his glasses off, rubbing his eyes with his thumb and pointer finger. "I trust you. You didn't laugh at me when you found out that I've never been kissed. You didn't go spreading word that I'm a virgin...and I really appreciate that."

Jonathan's eyes glanced up at him, his head still lowered.

"I asked you because I knew that you wouldn't mock me. I knew that maybe..." *Maybe you could be it for me. Maybe I could be it for you.* "Maybe you could help me come out of my shell a little bit. Besides," he smiled gently, "You're gorgeous and I...I definitely wouldn't mind learning from you."

Jonathan's cheeks turned a really pretty shade of red.

Steve shrugged helplessly, "It was just a thought," he whispered, grabbing his glasses, "You don't have to-"

Jonathan gently took the glasses and carefully slipped them onto Steve's face. He used his thumb to gently push the spectacles up Steve's nose. "I'll teach you," he said softly, "I'll teach you some stuff but you should save yourself for..." he smiled, sad and small, "For someone who deserves you."

Steve opened his mouth to reply but couldn't find the words. He shut it, his own smile coming out strained.

"I'll drive with you back to your house after school," Jonathan murmured as he stood. He shoved his hands into the pockets of his tight denim pants. "After we finish our homework, I'll start teaching you."

"Okay," Steve agreed, nodding. He watched the way Jonathan smiled down at him and then his eyes drifted down Jonathan's body as the

younger male walked away. He stared at the ample bottom and blushed hard, tearing his gaze away and picking his book up.

He really hoped the school day would go by quickly.

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“Jonathan!” Steve’s mom exclaimed, a bright smile on her face, “it’s so nice to see you again.” She wiped her wet hands on her yellow apron, brushing her brunette locks away from her forehead where they curled slightly.

Steve felt his chest grow warm at the absolutely stunning smile Jonathan returned to the woman.

“And you as well, Mrs. Harrington,” Jonathan said softly, playing with the strap on his bag, “My homework grade has gone up,” he said suddenly and Steve’s eyes widened, “thanks to your son and his patience with my during our study sessions.”

“I-it’s nothing,” Steve said immediately when his mother’s eyes flickered to him, shining, “You are very smart,” he told Jonathan, whose beautiful grin only became wider, “I didn’t have much to do with it.”

Jonathan glanced at Steve’s mother, winking at her and she laughed.

“Well, I won’t keep you,” she said, already turning to the sink where she set down the last dish, “Go on upstairs and do your homework. I’m going over to the store in a little while to grab some things.” She began to untie her apron, “Did you need anything, Stevie-doll?”

Jonathan turned his head, a quiet giggle slipping out of his mouth and Steve smiled weakly at his mom.

“No, I’m okay,” he said as he turned around and headed to the stairs. He heard Jonathan’s footsteps following behind and he began to feel his chest tighten in anticipation. They took the stairs slowly and Steve opened his bedroom door, stepping aside to let Jonathan in.

“*Stevie-doll*” Jonathan drawled quietly, his eyes closing as he muffled his laughter by bringing his flannel cuff up to his lips. His shoulders

were quaking and Steve sighed as he entered the room, swinging the door shut.

“Like your mom doesn’t have embarrassing nicknames for you,” he shot back, smiling lightly. He set his bag on the floor beside his bed, staring down at Jonathan. “Did...did your homework grade really improve?”

His laughter subdued, Jonathan stared back up at him, “It really did.” He confirmed, soft and sincere. “Thank you. I understand the material better now than I ever have.” He raised his hand and Steve leaned in to the warm palm, his eyes closing as he felt the long digits stroke down his jawline.

Jonathan hummed softly, “You are so attractive,” he said and his voice was so honest that Steve’s eyes snapped open and he stared down at the younger male, his breath caught in his throat. Letting his fingers slip away from Steve’s face, he smiled teasingly, “So, guess we should get started on our homework.”

Steve whined, watching Jonathan plop down onto the floor, leaning against the tidy bed. “Right now?” he followed Jonathan down, grabbing his own bag and pulling open the zipper with much more force than necessary.

“The sooner we finish, the sooner I can teach *you*,” Jonathan replied, turning those damn eyes to him. Fuck, they were so damn pretty. Steve watched, entranced as those dimples shined against the smiling cheeks, “Yeah?”

“Y-yeah, okay,” Steve nodded eagerly, pulling his books out. “Um... what did you guys cover in math today?”

About forty five minutes later, Steve’s mom rapped on his door. She came in with glasses of lemonade and some cookies. They were Steve’s favorite, peanut butter, and he grabbed one immediately, his eyes skimming through Jonathan’s work.

“Thank you,” Jonathan said as he took one of the offered glasses, “You didn’t have to go through the trouble, Mrs. Harrington.”

“Call me Amy,” Steve’s mother said, smiling, “And it’s no trouble at all! I love to bake and both Steve and his father have rather huge sugar addictions.”

“Do not,” Steve denied as he picked up his second cookie.

Jonathan and Amy shared a smile and she turned to Steve, “I’m going to the store now, your father called to let me know he will be late, the office is having some sort of going away party for a long-time employee who is retiring.”

“Okay,” Steve replied, handing Jonathan back his paper. He waited until his mother left the room and he smiled at Jonathan, “You’ve got it. I don’t even have to correct anything.”

Jonathan smiled back, taking the paper and sliding it into his notebook, “Well, you did spend the better part of twenty minutes teaching me so I would hope it’s alright.” He took a sip from his glass.

“Yeah, but you picked it up pretty fast and I-”

“Have you ever touched yourself, Steve?” Jonathan interrupted, setting his glass down and turning to sit up on his knees, staring at him seriously.

Well, god damn.

Steve nervously stared back, his eyes wide. “I...um.” He shook his head a little bit, “I’m a teenager...of course I’ve touched myself before.”

Jonathan nodded slowly, “When was the last time?”

Steve licked his lips and answered with no hesitation, “Remember when you wore that tight Henley? The red one?”

That was only two days ago.

“You wear that color so nicely,” Steve whispered, “Your skin is so pale and the red just compliments you so much. You...you are so lovely, Jonathan.” He swallowed hard at the sudden darkening in

Jonathan's eyes and he wilted, wondering if he'd spoken out of turn.  
"I'm sor-"

Jonathan moved.

He closed their distance and caught Steve's mouth in a sensual kiss, his tongue pushing past Steve's gasping mouth to tug his tongue into a seductive dance. Steve groaned, his hands fisting as Jonathan's tongue mapped out his mouth.

He could taste the sweetness of his mother's lemonade and he chased it, his own tongue shyly tracing over Jonathan's mouth. He felt the younger man shudder as he slowly broke the kiss. Steve liked his mouth, staring into those beautiful eyes.

"For someone who hasn't kissed much," Jonathan whispered, breathing softly, "You're wonderful at it."

Steve ducked his head, smiling shyly, "Thanks."

"So you definitely don't need to be taught about that," Jonathan continued, his fingers gently reaching up to play with the edge of Steve's glasses. "And you know how to jerk yourself off..." he lowered his head and began to gently mouth at Steve's neck.

Oh, fuck.

Jonathan's soft lips kissed at the skin of his throat and Steve closed his eyes, his head falling back against his bed. He groaned softly, his fingers sinking into the carpet in his room. He felt Jonathan's own hands move down and he jumped when he felt a palm slide over the crotch of his jeans, squeezing at his hardened cock.

"So I guess I'll just start by showing you what it's like to have a hand besides your own wrapped around you." Jonathan whispered, his fingers toying open the zipper on Steve's jeans. He pulled it down.

Steve panted hard, watching as Jonathan moved back.

"Sit on your bed," Jonathan said and Steve forced himself to move, scrabbling up and sitting on the edge of the bed.

He stared, his eyes going wide as Jonathan kneeled in between his knees. “J-Jonathan?”

“Do you want me to touch your cock?” Jonathan asked and god *damn* his voice, that low whisper, went straight to Steve’s dick and the older boy hissed as he felt it jump against its denim prison.

“Yes,” Steve exhaled hard, watching Jonathan’s pale hands unbutton his jeans. He lifted his hips a bit so that the blonde could pull them down enough to expose his boxers and the rather large tent his dick had pitched.

“Look at you,” Jonathan’s hands slipped through the opening of the boxers and Steve began to shake, his body erupting in goosebumps as long and warm fingers pulled his cock out through the flaps of his boxers. “You’re certainly packing, aren’t you?” His hand moved up to the hem of Steve’s shirt, shoving it up enough to expose his belly-button and lower abdominals.

“God, please,” Steve begged, too far gone to be embarrassed about the need in his voice, “Please, Jonathan, please jerk me off.”

Jonathan stared up at him through the curtain of blonde bangs and then he smiled slowly. He brought his hand up to his face and dragged his tongue over his palm and Steve could feel his lower back begin to tingle.

Steve bit his lip hard, his fingers clenching hard in his bed sheets as that warm and damp palm wrapped around the base of his painfully hard cock. He arched a bit, a stuttered groan leaving his lips.

His own hand didn’t come *close* to feeling that good. Jonathan’s palm was just so warm, so fucking soft. He let out a breathy grunt, his cheeks filling with color as his eyes began to shut.

“Eyes on me, Steven.”

His eyes snapped open and he stared, jaw hanging open, as Jonathan’s gaze pierced into his damn soul. He exhaled shakily, leaning back on his palms, and watched as Jonathan’s eyes lowered back down to the cock he was fisting.

"You're bigger than I expected," Jonathan said quietly, his other hand coming up to thumb at the precum dripping from the slit of Steve's cock, "Very thick." And fucking god, the way he said that, how his tongue came out to wet his lips...

Steve was going to die tonight. He was certain. Either from embarrassment or desire but he was definitely going to DIE.

"Jonathan," Steve croaked, trembling, "P-please, I ..."

Jonathan's palm slid up and down the base of his cock, going at a smooth pace. The fingers on his other hand traced the shape of his cock-head, tapping the pads of his fingers against the drooling slit.

They moved away then, sliding down to stroke at the skin on his inner thighs. It tickled a little and Steve squirmed, his breath coming out in pants. He could feel that tightening start and he grit his teeth as he watched his cock pulse in Jonathan's hand.

No, damn it. He was *not* going to cum already.

"Good," Jonathan murmured, "You're doing so good." His hand began to move a bit faster and Steve was so glad that the house was empty because the fucking sound that left his throat as Jonathan's fingers came up to play with his balls was sure to cause some sort of alarm.

"Oh, *shit*," he whimpered, struggling so hard to keep his eyes open. "J-Jonathan, I-"

"Hold it for a bit," Jonathan whispered, slowing his hand and Steve groaned loudly, "Just for a little bit. I want to keep touching you."

Son of a *bitch*.

Steve could feel his entire body freezing as he held his breath and forced his body to calm. He watched, bleary eyed, as Jonathan smiled beautifully up at him. His hand moved at a slow, unnervingly soft pace for just a while.

He could feel sweat start to bead on his lower back and Steve bit his bottom lip hard as his hips began to slowly move. Damn it, what the



fuck was he doing?

“Keep going,” Jonathan said, “Thrust against my hand.” He stopped his tugging and Steve groaned, his hips rising.

He thrust into that warm palm a few times and damn near cried when Jonathan finally began to pull again, his tugs becoming faster and firmer. Fuck, this was it. He wouldn't be able to hold on any longer.

“J-Jonathan!” Steve whimpered, “I...I'm going to-”

“Shh,” Jonathan whispered soothingly and Steve gasped loudly, his body trembling as Jonathan pressed his thumb right underneath the head of his aching dick and Steve could swear he was about to faint as he witnessed that tiny pink tongue with the silver ball slip out of Jonathan's mouth.

Steve panted heavily, his mind going blank as he watched Jonathan lower his mouth and he cried out loudly as that silver piece of jewelry tapped at the leaking slit of his dick. “Oh, *god*,” he came hard, his loud groan echoing in his ears, as he watched thick ropes of white shoot out to land on his lower abdomen.

Some of it splashed up onto his shirt and he watched, completely mortified, as the last string of sticky semen hit Jonathan's pale chin. The younger teen looked stunned, his eyes trailing down to the absolute fucking *puddle* of semen on Steve's belly.

Fuck, it felt good. It had felt so fucking good.

His own hand and his thoughts of the blonde didn't come anywhere near the sensation he had felt under Jonathan's warm hand. He came so much, so hard. His body was still shaking, and he winced as he noticed the white streak across Jonathan's chin.

“I-I'm so sorry, I'll get you a-”

Oh holy *shit*.

Jonathan's fingers reached up, collecting the bit of semen from his beautiful face. Keeping his eyes on Steve's, he slid those glistening

fingers into his gorgeous mouth and Steve was reminded that he was going to DIE this day from a combination of desire and overstimulation as he watched those lips close around the cum-stained digits.

Jonathan made this amazing sound, a breathy kind of moan, as he closed his eyes and sucked his fingers clean. He popped them out of his mouth one at a time, opening his eyes to stare up at Steve.

*"Yum."*

His cock twitched one last time and he whimpered, a droplet of cum sliding down the base of his softening cock pathetically.

Jonathan smiled, sitting back on his knees. "I think the first lesson went well. You have really good stamina, you held out better than I expected."

Steve could do nothing but gurgle wetly in reply.

"You'll have my mouth next," Jonathan told him, voice low and Steve was sure he was going to have a heart attack. "And we'll see how good you can hold off when I'm sucking your thick cock all the way down."

Oh, Jesus.

That mouth...that fucking gorgeous mouth with the pretty tongue and the sweet little piercing...wrapped around him? Sucking him, licking him, swallowing him down and lapping at the cum that he would-

"I'm going to pass out." Was the only warning he gave, his vision starting to go white around the edges.

Jonathan's eyes widening in concern was the last thing he saw before his head fell back onto his pillow.

He passed out.

--

It couldn't have been more than five minutes that he was out.

Steve's eyes opened slowly and he blinked hard. He stared at his ceiling, his mind still trying to process the dream he had. Fuck, that was the nicest wet dream he'd had in a-

"Did I go too fast?"

He sat up, alarmed.

Jonathan was at his window, staring out at the backyard. He turned his head to Steve and the way the rays from the sun shined upon him, giving him this ethereal glow, made Steve want to hold him. Kiss him. *Worship* him.

"God, I thought I dreamt you again." Was all he said.

Jonathan smiled, so soft and sweet.

How did he manage to look that way? So soft and sweet after...after being so wonderfully sexy and sensual just moments prior?

Steve stared down at his body and he realized that the spunk had been cleaned from his skin. His jeans were buttoned and zipped. He was shirtless, though.

"It had semen on it," Jonathan said, "Figured it was best I took it off."

Steve noticed the way those brown eyes lingered on his chest and he realized with a start that Jonathan was staring at his chest hair. That's right. He remembered after baseball practice and being in the locker room and seeing that Billy was completely-

"I can shave," he said quietly, "If you-"

"Don't." Jonathan said immediately, voice strained, "Do *not*." He swallowed and crossed his arms, looking back out the window. "It...I like it. A lot."

*Oh.*

Steve was in big fucking trouble.

Huge.

He was so gone for this boy and this was...there was...

"I should be heading home," Jonathan said suddenly. "My mom and step-dad are actually going to be home for dinner tonight and I promised I'd make a lasagna bake."

"O-oh, okay," Steve stood up immediately, "I'll walk you out." He rushed to his closet and grabbed a random tee shirt, tugging it on over his head. He knocked his glasses off of his face and he cursed, grabbing the spectacles.

Soft fingers closed around the temples of the glasses and Steve stared down at Jonathan, feeling warm with how gently Jonathan pushed the glasses back onto his face. The long fingers swept aside his hair and Steve stilled, watching the way Jonathan's own eyes stared up at him.

They gazed at one another and Steve really couldn't help himself. His hands moved, gently grabbing onto Jonathan's hips, and he lowered his head just as Jonathan arched up on his tip-toes. They kissed slowly, their mouths simply pressed against one another.

They didn't use tongue...it was just a soft fusion of mouth on mouth and when they moved back, their expressions were mirrored.

*Warmth, content, trust.*

Love. There had to be lo-

Jonathan stepped back, walking over to grab his bag. "Let's go then," he said softly, heading towards the door.

Steve lingered for a bit, his lips tingling.

He was gone. So, so gone for Jonathan.

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**Notes for the Chapter:**

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### 3. Chapter 3

#### Notes for the Chapter:

Is anyone even reading this?

His eyes blinked open at the feel of fingers brushing away his bangs. Jonathan blinked away the blurriness and when he looked up to see his mother, he smiled softly, eyes slipping closed once more. “Hi, mom,” he murmured, sitting up a little bit to allow her space to sit on the couch, and then he lowered his head onto her lap.

“Where are the kids?” she asked, stroking her thumb over his cheekbone and Jonathan brought his arm up to his face, staring at his cheap wrist-watch to check the time. It was fifteen minutes to four-thirty and he’d fallen asleep sometime around three-forty five.

“Castle Byers,” Jonathan replied, letting his arm fall lazily over his chest, “I told them they could play for a while before homework and dinner,” he felt so mellow from his short nap, “I’m thinking chicken pot pie.”

“Wonderful,” Joyce replied, smiling, “I’ll do the chopping.” She stared at his face for a while and then she said, knowingly, “Your face has been clear of bruises for a while.” Her eyes wandered down to the hand splayed across his chest, staring at the finger where the ring used to be.

Jonathan sighed, “Yeah. I broke up with him a while ago.” He smiled wanly at her relieved expression, “It took me a while, didn’t it?”

“At least you got out before you married him,” Joyce murmured, her own smile weak, “or had two beautiful babies with him.”

They observed one another silently for a moment before Jonathan spoke again.

“You were too good for him, mom.” He said honestly, “You were always too good for him.” He reached an arm over to the coffee table to grab her cigarettes, handing them to her and watched as she fished

the lighter out of the pack, bringing one of the slim sticks to her lips and lighting it up.

"I know that now," she nodded, blowing smoke up into the air and keeping her fingers buried in Jonathan's hair, "It took me so long to finally realize it but I'm glad I did. Having you and your brother and then El and Jim is more than I could ever dream."

"Why didn't you leave him sooner?" Jonathan asked softly, "I was old enough to understand and Will was never close to Lonnie."

Joyce sighed, "I didn't think anyone else would ever want to be with me. Joyce Horowitz? The town bicycle?" she smiled bitterly, "Or, at least that's what they knew me as after Lonnie ran his mouth."

It was such a similar situation; Jonathan could feel his fingers curling into fists. "He was your..." he frowned, "He was your only..."

"My only serious boyfriend," Joyce nodded, puffing idly, "We lasted all the way till senior year, got together when we were freshmen. I really did love him back then but once we began to be intimate, he loved to talk about it to anyone who would listen."

Jonathan stayed silent, listening attentively to his mother.

"I got mad," she continued, "I was annoyed with him telling all of his stupid jock friends about what my body looked like, how I sounded," she cringed, "I dumped him and it made him really angry. So he started these rumors about how I wasn't even a virgin when he finally got me in bed...even though the proof was smeared all over his bed-sheets."

Jonathan had begun hating his father at age four, when he'd seen the older man dump out a plate of eggs and bacon that Joyce had cooked, proclaiming that the meal "sucked." That hatred only increased now.

"Once it's started, it spreads like a wild fire," Joyce sighed, gently running her fingers through his hair, "I was called all sorts of names. They spray-painted words on my locker, all my friends stopped talking to me. It was very lonely. Lonnie," she smiled grimly, "He was

all I had, even though I didn't want anything to do with him at that point. He was the only one who would be there, even though he was the one who started it all. Then I got pregnant...so I stayed."

She sighed heavily, "And then when you were born, I knew I had to try and make it work. And it did, for a little while. He was overjoyed with you, his son," she patted his fistled hands, "and you liked him too, at first."

Jonathan snorted and she laughed.

"It's over," she said softly, "I love my family. I love *you*, my beautiful boy." She pinched his chin lightly and he smiled for her.

"I love you too, mom," he sat up, cradling her cheek and pressing a kiss to her temple. He flipped off of the couch, stretching his arms over his head. "Come on, you promised to chop!" he offered her a hand and pulled her up from the couch, tossing an arm around her shoulders as he led her to the kitchen.

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### *Friday*

Baseball practice had ended late, and Steve could feel his muscles aching in pain every time he took a step. He had swung his bat so many times that he knew lifting a fork would be hard work in the next few days, and all the warming up and exercise in the hot sun had his uniform and body soaked in sweat.

The practice done with now, everyone was shuffling away from the field and into the blissfully cool gymnasium, heading towards either the showers or the lockers. It was nearly two hours after school, and a lot of the guys were eager to get home to eat.

"You're carrying the team, Harrington," Coach said as he walked to his office, located at the back of the locker room. He slapped Steve on the back, "I see scholarships with your name all over them."

Steve smiled, thanking the older man. He made his way to the showers, tugging off his sweaty and grimy baseball tee with the school's name and his player number, and pausing at his locker to



shove it into his gym bag.

“He’s not joking, man,” Jonah said as he came to open his own locker, right besides Steve’s, “You’re extremely good. I’m pretty sure I saw Hargrove turning green from where he was watching you.”

Steve blinked, turning to his teammate, “Billy was watching?”

“He always is, actually,” Jonah shrugged, “I think he’s really upset that we’ve got another star athlete. He’s king at basketball but you easily outshine him in baseball and I don’t think he’s used to being bested.” He yanked his own shirt off his head, his curls springing loose as he sighed in relief. “Byers was also there,” and Steve felt his heart jump, “Taking pictures for the school paper but he also seemed awfully focused on *you*.”

Jonathan had been at practice?

Steve’s cheeks turned red and he pulled his gym bag out of his locker, avoiding Jonah’s grin, “If he was there, then he was taking pictures of everyone,” he said as he searched in his bag for his glasses case.

Jonah laughed, shaking his head, “Relax, Harrington, I’m just teasing.” He crossed his arms over his bare chest, leaning against his locker, “Tell me though, is what Billy says true? Is Byers really wild in bed?”

Steve swallowed hard, shaking his head slowly, “I’m not sleeping with Jonathan,” he muttered, the words heavy in his empty stomach. “I’m just tutoring him a little bit. He...he’s also helping me with some personal things.”

“Gotcha,” Jonah nodded, “I honestly don’t believe all of what Billy says. Even if Byers likes being dominated a little, I doubt he likes being smacked around enough to get off of on it like Billy claims. I think that was just Billy’s way of covering up the fact that he beat on Byers when he got pissed off.” He snorted as he made his way to the showers and Steve stared after him, his lips turned down in a frown.

He was reminded of his first day, when Nancy had told him similar words. The on-going rumor Billy started, among the many, that

Jonathan liked being abused. He'd seen nothing to back this claim, the intimate moments he had shared with Jonathan so far had been gentle...and soft.

And beautifully sweet.

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"These are great, Jonathan," Abigail Brewer gushed as she peered over the photos he had developed in the school's dark room, "I'll pick out some to use for the paper this Monday, thanks so much for the help."

Jonathan smiled at the small brunette, "It's no problem," he shifted the strap of his satchel over his shoulder, heavier than usual with his camera and all the books stuffed inside, "I'll leave you to it, then. Have a good weekend, Abby."

"You too!"

Jonathan stepped out of the room, closing the door quietly behind him. He made his way towards the front of the school, thinking back to earlier. The baseball trophies in Steve's room were clearly not a mistake, as he had seen with his own eyes how absolutely magnificent the older boy was at the sport with his own eyes.

Steve was amazing. The sun beating down did nothing to slow him down as he swung and ran and pitched and slid down the field. He had this way of turning on the heel of his foot as he swung and a rather adorable little ritual of swinging the bat around in two complete circles before tightening his gloved hands around the metal and taking his shot.

He had captured a rather intense photograph of Steve during a swing. Lacking his glasses, Steve's eyes were intense as he stared at the incoming ball. His jaw was clenched in concentration, fingers curled tight around the bat and the muscles in his forearms flexed and firm.

He hadn't given that one to Abby, choosing to keep it for himself.

Jonathan smiled to himself as he pushed open the door leading outside and then he grunted as he smacked into the firm body of

another student as they were making their way inside. He stumbled, his balance thrown off from the weight of his satchel, and he looked up in surprise when a hand wrapped around his forearm, steadying him.

“Jonathan,” Steve said, voice tight with worry, “I’m sorry, I wasn’t paying attention. Are you okay?”

His dark hair was damp, lacking its usual upwards coif and instead hanging loosely over his shoulders. He was wearing a cotton white tee with his jacket half on, and he had probably been trying to shrug the other sleeve on while opening the door but was hindered by the heavy-looking gym bag held tightly in his fist.

“I’m fine,” Jonathan answered, smiling lightly, “Thanks for the help, I’ve got my camera and like four textbooks in my bag so it’s heavier than what I’m used to.” He watched Steve set the gym bag down to shrug on his jacket fully. It suited him, of course.

“It’s no problem,” the older boy said, smiling down at Jonathan, “I was hoping you were still here, actually.”

“Were you?” Jonathan adjusted the strap of his satchel again, very aware of how it was beginning to painfully dig into the thin material of his grey turtleneck. “How come?” his smile turned fond as Steve’s cheeks went red.

“I...uh,” Steve rubbed the back of his neck, “It’s Friday.”

Jonathan hummed, “It is.” He confirmed, watching as Steve flushed again.

“Do you,” Steve shrugged, adorably shy and hopeful, “Do you maybe want to go out? Do something?” He seemed so nervous. His hands fiddled with the zipper of his jacket and he rocked slightly on the heels of his shoes.

He really was so cute.

“I was going to take some pictures out at the quarry for a project but I’m free after,” Jonathan said, smiling at the interested look in the older boy’s eyes, “Have you been to *The Palace* yet?”

"Is that the arcade?" Steve smiled, "Nancy told me her little brother likes to go there on weekends."

"Her brother usually goes with my younger siblings. It's a pretty cool place, a lot of kids from school hang out there too," Jonathan's brow quirked playfully, "I'm also a king at Pac-Man and pinball but I promise to go easy on you."

The other boy's smile was so damn bright; it immediately caused Jonathan's heart to beat a little bit faster. Steve was so expressive, every emotion spread across his face and eyes so vibrantly and with the upmost sincerity. He was too good for Hawkins.

Much too good for Jonathan Byers.

"Sounds great! I'll go home to put all my stuff away and then drive to your house." Where do you live?"

Jonathan hesitated. Shit.

Steve's house was huge. It was full of fancy things that the Byers family could work a hundred years for and still never afford. It had a pool with a damn heater. It was two stories tall, had an elegant and beautiful kitchen, a proper driveway...

The slowly setting sun cast a nice light into Steve's brown eyes. They were watching him attentively, his smile all soft and excited. He seemed genuinely thrilled...thrilled to be around Jonathan.

"It's not that far from you, actually," Jonathan brushed off his unease, reached into his satchel, rummaging around for his notebook and a pen. He scribbled his address and tore out the paper, handing it to Steve, "Around six-thirty is good with me."

"Six-thirty," Steve nodded, pocketing the paper before looking back to Jonathan. "I...um," he shrugged nervously, "Can I kiss you? Please?"

Jonathan laughed quietly, reaching out to grab Steve. He tugged down on the taller boy's lapel and arched up simultaneously, pressing his lips gently over Steve's mouth. He felt a hand settle on his hip, squeezing lightly, and he sighed into the kiss.

He was surprised when he felt Steve's tongue nudging against his mouth and he parted his lips, moaning quietly as the slick tongue immediately darted into his mouth. He felt it tracing along his piercing and he let his satchel slip off of his shoulder, bringing his other hand up to fist into Steve's hair.

The soft tresses were just beginning to dry and felt silky against his fingertips. Jonathan murmured his appreciation as Steve pressed closer against him and he angled his head just slightly, his mouth wrapping around Steve's bottom lip and gently biting down onto the soft skin.

Steve groaned, his thumb pressing hard against Jonathan's hip-bone as he drew back from the kiss. He smiled shyly at Jonathan's hazy expression. "Was that okay?"

Jonathan wanted to laugh. "You were always a good kisser," he said instead, "You're only getting better." He bit the corner of his lip as he felt Steve's hard-on nudge against his thigh. "Do you maybe want to continue...tonight?"

"Yes," Steve said immediately, "Yes, please."

"Okay," Jonathan whispered. He stroked the back of Steve's neck and then moved away from him, reaching down to grab onto his fallen bag. "Six-thirty, Steve."

"Six-thirty," Steve confirmed, eyes bright with desire.

A beautiful look on him.

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It was a small little house.

Steve blinked as he drove up to it, roaming his eyes over the white wicker chairs and brown couch besides potted plants that decorated the front porch. There was a swing, and an older couple seated upon it that were looking over at his car curiously.

He got out of his car after parking besides Jonathan's LTD and a lime-green pinto. Pushing his hands through his hair, he walked up to the

porch and smiled at the couple. "Hello. I'm here for Jonathan?" he held a hand out to the man, who stood to take it, "I'm Steve Harrington."

The man's eyes shined with recognition, "Ah. Andrew Harrington's son. You all just moved here a while ago, didn't you?" at Steve nod, he introduced himself, "Jim Hopper. I'm the town chief," he gestured to the woman that began to stand, "This is Joyce Byers, Jonathan's mother."

"It's nice to meet you, Steve," Joyce said, her smile soft and sincere. She shook his hand, "Welcome to Hawkins."

"Thank you," Steve said bashfully, sliding his hands into the pockets of his [denim](#) jacket.

"How do you know my boy?" she asked casually, crossing her arms over her grey sweater.

"I'm tutoring him," Steve replied, "A little bit. He's incredibly intelligent, though, I doubt he really needed my-" the sound of the door opening and Jonathan's voice caused him to pause.

"Don't be humble," Jonathan said as he closed the door behind him and Steve turned to look at him, "You saved my homework grade, after all."

*Oh.*

Jonathan was wearing red again.

It was a [wool jumper](#) this time, entirely too big on him. It dipped low beyond his black jeans, settling just above his knees. The neckline was baggy, revealing just a bit of the ivory skin of his neck and shoulder, his prominent collarbones peeking out as well.

It was when he looked back up to meet Jonathan's eyes that he realized the other boy was also admiring his clothing. They shared a smile and Jonathan looked back to his mother and Hopper.

"We're going to be out late," he said, "Is that okay?"

“Sure,” Joyce nodded, “Do you have your keys?” when he nodded, she grinned and looked back to Steve, “Well, I hope you two have a good time. It was so nice meeting you, Steve. I hope to see you again.”

“Likewise, ma’am,” Steve nodded to Hopper, “Sir.”

Jonathan snorted and Hopper chuckled.

“It’s Hopper,” the older man insisted.

“And Joyce,” Jonathan’s mother added.

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“Your mother is beautiful,” Steve said as he watched Jonathan pop some change into the pinball machine, “I see where you get it.”

Jonathan shot him a small smile, “My younger brother looks most like her...people used to say that I looked like my dad a lot so I let my hair grow out longer than he ever wore it.” He didn’t continue with the conversation and instead turned his eyes to the game.

It took him all of five minutes to kill Steve’s high score and he smirked playfully, tapping the glowing red numbers. “I win.”

“You do,” Steve smiled, shrugging a shoulder, “What would you like as a prize?” his cheeks grew hot as Jonathan leveled him with a seductive little glance, his pierced tongue coming out to wet his lips.

His hand came up, playing with Steve’s glasses.

“I can think of a few things,” Jonathan said and Steve laughed huskily, moving closer to the younger male. He was just a few inches away when an arm suddenly flew over Jonathan’s shoulders, jostling the small blonde.

Jonathan’s expression became pinched and he knocked off Tommy H’s arm, giving him an irritated look. “Get off,” he muttered, and Steve glanced to his left, seeing Billy, Carol, and Nicole surrounding them.

“Wow, you really *are* fucking Harrington now!” Tommy chortled, his stupid face splitting with his grin. “Whoo, good luck man,” he told Steve, who frowned, “I doubt you have what it takes to give him what he’s used to.”

Jonathan’s eyes went to Billy, who had the good sense to stand a few feet away. Fury sparked in Jonathan’s expression and when he spoke, his words were soft but Steve could see Billy’s spine stiffen in unease.

“Should I start my own rumors, Billy? About the things only *I* know about you?”

Billy didn’t look away from Jonathan’s eyes but he reached out, grabbing Tommy’s shoulder hard and pulling him back. “We’re leaving.”

“Are you serious?” Tommy looked taken aback, “We’ve got him right where we want him, don’t you-”

“Let’s go, Tommy.” Billy barked, and Tommy swallowed, glancing back at Hargrove with nervous eyes and a wounded expression.

Jonathan chuckled, “Run along, puppy,” He dismissed, already turning back to the arcade game, “Obey your master.”

Flustered, Tommy shot back, “Yeah, you’re used to that word, aren’t you? I bet you called him that each time he slapped you around-”

“Tommy-”

“-like the little bitch that you are, eager to gag on his-”

“Enough-” Steve started but Tommy went on.

“-dick like you have so many times before.”

By this point, even Carol and Nicole were beginning to look a bit unnerved as Billy stared daggers at Tommy. Carol kept tugging on her boyfriend’s sleeve, trying to get him to join her side.

“I mean, shit, when we all found out the first time that you were such a pain whore none of us were really surprised, you know?”



Tommy whirled around to face Steve, smiling maniacally.

“It runs in the family, obviously!” Tommy chortled, his arms waving about as he spoke in an obnoxiously loud tone, “After all, his whore of a mom slept with half of Hawkins and she was known to get beat on by her-”

Steve had barely enough time to register the vile words when he caught sight of Jonathan immediately stepping forward to plant his fist right into Tommy’s grinning face. Steve blinked hard, his eyes instantly zeroing in on the stream of blood that followed Jonathan’s fist when he pulled it back.

Tommy stumbled back in surprise, eyes blinking widely as he cupped his leaking nose. He moved his hand away, sneering at Jonathan, “Being Billy’s bitch before meant I couldn’t lay a damn hand on you but nothing is protecting you now!” he retaliated with a punch to Jonathan’s stomach, the smaller boy’s breath escaping him in a loud exhale.

Before Tommy could land another hit, Jonathan moved fast and caught Tommy in the jaw with a rather devastating right hook. He kicked at the older boy’s knee, buckling him and causing him to fall back hard.

“Billy!” Carol screamed, and Steve took his eyes away from the fight to watch the girl tug on Hargrove’s leather jacket, her panicked eyes wide as she watched her boyfriend go down, “Do something!”

Steve tensed, on guard just in case Billy actually moved to interfere, but the blonde was still. His arms remained crossed tightly over chest, blue eyes narrowed as he stared down at the scuffle.

A crowd of people had gathered, kids from their school chanting and hooting as they watched the fight go down. Steve recognized a few of them, but he didn’t keep his gaze on them for long, choosing instead to watch Hargrove.

There was very obvious heat in Billy’s eyes as he watched Jonathan fight. The corner of his lips turned upwards and his tongue poked out, lapping over the edge of his mouth in a slow swipe. Steve grit his

teeth when those blue eyes caught him and he glared, his fists clenching at the mocking smile the blonde sent his way.

“Billy, damn it!”

Carol’s screeching voice jolted Steve and he looked back down to the ground, where Jonathan had managed to straddle Tommy, one of his hands clutching the idiot’s shirt collar while he punched at the lumped face harder.

Movement from the right caught his attention, “Oh, shit.” The owner of the arcade and a security guard were pushing past the crowd of teenagers, heading straight for them. Steve reached out, looping an arm around Jonathan’s mid-section and pulling him off of Tommy.

“We have to go!” he snatched Jonathan’s wrist, pulling him quickly through the sea of bodies and rushing towards the exit.

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“I didn’t expect you to be a scrapper.”

Steve ran his thumb over Jonathan’s cheekbone, leaning back against his car door. He had driven them to quarry after the arcade and parked his car, shrugging off his denim jacket and leaving it in the back-seat as he walked around and opened the passenger door. He figured Jonathan could use the cool air to calm him and it seemed to work, the small blonde leaning against him, gazing up at him.

“I dated Billy for two years,” Jonathan said softly, “You learn to fight when dating someone like him.” He was still upset. His small body was still tense with pent up aggression. Steve smoothed his hands up and down the jumper.

“Don’t give Tommy this power over you. He’s scum. He should have never said those things about your mother...even Billy didn’t seem to like it.”

Jonathan closed his eyes. “Billy isn’t stupid. He knows better than to talk about my mom.”

Steve shook his head, “I don’t think he’s entirely over you.” He

pressed his forehead against Jonathan's, his stupid glasses slipping down his nose, "Not that I blame him," he whispered, "I...I would never want to let you go either."

"Stop it," Jonathan whispered back, opening his eyes, "I'm nothing." He stared intently at Steve, "But *you*," he used his thumb to correct the glasses and then cupped Steve's cheek, "You are so much more. It's a wonder how anyone could keep their hands from you at your old school. Did you not even try? So many would have jumped at the chance to be with you...you're wonderful." He shook his head, "and I'm nothing."

"Don't say that." Steve leaned into the warm palm, "Jonathan, I think-I think I'm falling for-" he was quieted by a finger to his lips. He stared into Jonathan's eyes, his chest growing tight at the sight of them glistening.

"Save that for someone who deserves it." His hands slipped into Steve's hair. He pulled him down and Steve went, letting their lips meet in a slow kiss. Jonathan's hand went behind him and Steve heard the sound of his door handle being opened.

They crawled into the BMW, Steve sitting heavily and pulling Jonathan onto his lap. The door was pulled shut and they locked lips again, their hands reaching out to touch wherever they could. Face... jaw...neck...that soft slip of skin that Jonathan's jumper exposed...

It was getting hot in the car. Breaking the kiss, Steve pulled his black sweater over his head, tossing it somewhere behind him to join the denim jacket he had discarded earlier. Grabbing the hem of Jonathan's top, Steve shoved up the jumper, pulling off as well. He hugged the smaller boy close, sighing loudly at the feel of the soft, warm skin touching at his.

"You're so beautiful," Steve breathed, moving his mouth to Jonathan's jaw, "So lovely." His hands groped at Jonathan's ass, kneading through the fabric of his jeans roughly and panting against the blonde's neck, "I want to-I want to..."

"Shh," Jonathan whispered, moving away from his hold to slide into the passenger seat. He ignored Steve's disappointed whine and

reached down, fussing with the zipper on Steve's dark jeans.

Steve lifted his hips, helping Jonathan move the material down his thighs. He sat back, his eyes closing tight at the feel of warm fingers circling the head of his cock. He exhaled hard when Jonathan's thumb pressed against the leaking slit.

"I'm going to suck you off," Jonathan whispered, and Steve's eyes flew open to watch as Jonathan moved up to kneel over his lap. "Is that okay?"

He couldn't be serious.

"Please," Steve choked out weakly, and he felt his cock jump eagerly in Jonathan's hand. He only had seconds to brace himself before he felt those sinfully beautiful lips wrap around the head of his cock. Moist heat enveloped him and he groaned loudly, feeling that little piercing trace a vein on the underside of his cock.

Not knowing what to do with his hands, Steve swept his hair back, his head moving back to press against the head-rest. He grunted, feeling Jonathan begin to bob his head up and down. The feeling of that wetness surrounding him was glorious. Nothing had ever felt so good before.

"Oh, *fuck*," he cried out, feeling Jonathan's jaw widen further and his cock moved deeper into the back of the blonde's throat. He heard Jonathan choke a bit, "Are you-" he couldn't finish, a low growl escaping his lips as Jonathan slurped his way back up the cock head.

There was no way he was going to last. The suction was too good... Jonathan's mouth was so warm and wet...tight throat fluttering around his sensitive...

"J-Jonathan," Steve panted, trying to move away, "I'm going to-" he jerked in surprise when Jonathan immediately swallowed him down again, deeper than before, and *hummed*, the vibration causing Steve to thrust up, a harsh breath expelling from his chest as he came into that devious mouth.

And then...

*Fuck*, he was swallowing it. The wet sounds of slurping filled the car and Steve shuddered, whining as his cock was milked dry. His cum shot in thick streams again and he panted hard, his hands balling into tight fists in his own hair as Jonathan kept a firm rhythm going, his palm sliding up and down the base of his cock while his mouth sucked noisily at the head.

The little ball of Jonathan's piercing dipped into the slit one more time, nudging lightly, before he lapped the entire head clean. Pressing a few kisses to the sensitive skin, Jonathan raised his head and dragged his wrist over his chin to collect any sticky remains of cum or saliva.

Unable to help himself, Steve leaned over, pressing his mouth hard against Jonathan's. He pushed his tongue against the wet lips, pleading for entry and when it was granted, he chased the taste of his own semen, groaning roughly into Jonathan's mouth as the slightly bitter taste hit his senses.

His hand moved down to the waistband of Jonathan's jeans and he popped the button open, slipping his hand down to grab onto the clothed-

No. No clothing.

Jonathan hadn't worn any underwear.

He'd never felt a cock that wasn't his own before and Steve glided his fingers over the satiny skin, gripping onto the hard base. Jonathan wasn't as thick as he was, but fuck, he felt a whole lot hotter. His skin was just so warm...so damn soft.

"Y-you don't have to," Jonathan started, voice low, but his words ended in a high-pitched sound as Steve twisted his hand, tugging on his cock experimentally. "Oh, *Steve*, God." He lifted his hips, his eyes shutting as Steve's mouth moved down to his neck, lapping at the pale skin.

"Teach me," Steve whispered intensely, "Teach me how to pleasure you. I want to...I want to make you shake. I want to taste you everywhere."

“Keep talking,” Jonathan gasped, thrusting himself up into Steve’s palm, and Steve applied more pressure, moving his hand back and forth on that velvety smooth cock, remembering how he touched himself, what he liked and figuring that Jonathan would like the same.

It seemed to work. The smaller boy was moaning and gyrating against his palm, looking for his own release. It was amazing to watch. Jonathan was normally so calm, so collected...and to see him this way.

For *him* to be making Jonathan look this way. It was amazing.

“I want to kiss every part of you,” Steve continued, voice breathy as he kissed the spot right below Jonathan’s ear, his other hand coming around grab Jonathan, pulling him closer. The position had Jonathan scooted up, leaned up on his knees. He reached around, pulling down Jonathan’s pants to grip at a soft ass cheek, flexing his fingers into the smooth skin. “I want to taste you everywhere.” He pumped his hand harder as Jonathan began to quiver and he moved the fingers of his other hand closer to Jonathan’s hole, “I want to taste you...” daringly, he brushed his thumb over the furled entrance, “I want to taste you *here*.”

“*Steve*,” Jonathan sobbed, his forehead falling against Steve’s shoulder. He moved his hand down, pressing his own palm over his cock and cried out loudly, spilling into his cupped hand.

Steve watched Jonathan shake, his heart beating maddeningly against his chest. “Beautiful,” he murmured, turning his head to press a kiss against Jonathan’s temple.

A soft sigh was all he got in return but he smiled as he felt warm lips kiss at the skin of his jaw.

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### **Notes for the Chapter:**

This is horrible.

Listen.

I wrote this different before but I lost my files. I'm going by my poor memory and some notes I wrote down on paper. Be kind. x.x

Has anyone written Jonathan getting rimmed by Steve yet? Am I going to have to do it? Because I so will.

### Author's Note:

You guys.

I'm in such turmoil. My computer...or the hard drive, whatever, ATE my documents. I had SO many things typed out and I'm so pissed. This is why I PEN everything down in notebooks before typing them out but omg, I had the final two chapters plus an epilogue of *I Know Your Soul Is Not Tainted* on it and it's literally gone.

I've looked EVERYWHERE and I can't find them. I am going to have to type them out all over again and I'm just too busy and pissed off to do it at this time so I decided to upload this instead.

This story is only five chapters and I have three of them already typed out and my notebook is right beside me so I'm sure I can pump out a chapter of this every week. Or sooner if my job is kind to me. -\_-

Please be patient with me! I will finish my other story, I will. Also, I want to gift this to **yastre** just because their work is...phenomenal and I love it. I hope they don't find this odd but I just want them to have it lol.

I hope you like this meanwhile!